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William Cowper Nelson

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Warrington, Fla., May 2nd / 61.

My Dear Tom;

I received your welcome letter of the 2nd Inst. last evening, and was much pleased to think that my dear little brother still remembers his "big bud," although he is far away in a distant land, fighting his country's battles. I do so wish you were here with me, you would be such a comfort and assistance to me, but it is impossible for you to be with me, and it is useless to think of it. I will therefore say nothing more about it.

I read your letter over two or three times, and each time with renewed interest, I am glad to see that my brother has improved so much in his letter-writing. Your epistle would have done honor to the head and heart of one of far riper years than yourself. I hope that you had a nice time, when you were in the country, and I expect you, did. You are such a ruralist in your tastes and habits.

You would no doubt like to hear what we do every day, down here. We have to drill most of the time and the rest of the time is occupied in cooking, bringing wood and water, and doing various other things too numerous to mention.

Every man has to stand guard about once a week, I had to stand last Thursday night, the way it is arranged is this, we have to stand for two hours, and then rest for four hours, so we have to be on guard about eight hours out of every 24, Friday night we all had to go down on the beach, and stand picket guard, it rained dreadfully that night, it was dark as pitch, we couldn't see 10 feet from us, and could hear nothing except the roaring of the waves as they lashed themselves to fury against the sandy beach. We had a very rough time of it, I assure

you; but it had the good ef-
fect of making us able to ap-
preciate the comforts of a tent, and
the next night, you can't guess
how well we slept, although we
were only sleeping on a blanket,
the rain poured down again that
night, but we heeded it not.
We only slept the sounder,
and since ~~we~~ we have been down
in town sleeping in a house
I feel like a king in his
palace; the first night I
came down here, I could not
sleep hardly at all, it seemed
so strange being in a house,
I think when I get back
home I shall have to put
me up a little tent out in
the lot in front of the house
and sleep in it every other
night, in order to keep from
forgetting how to be a sol-
dier. You must write to your
absent brother, once a week
at least, and he will do the
same, Your loving brother